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Original Poetry.

LINES

Written on the Departure of the Old Year

BY J. M. DEACON.

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Dark on't look
In majesty
And gleam
On the side
Of the crown
And lightly
With aught
How beautiful
Fanning and
Like the sea
When the sun
With what a
Your countenance
Well do I love
Whether upon
Upon the arm
With wild and
On peaceful
Made in vain
Or when, come
It's a common
Oh how I love
Of all the land
Of great leaders
Broad days, oh
And of the silver
The glimmer
And of the we
Rivers up
There shall
Hold fast
It cannot be
The darkness
Of my young
My love
Yet do I love
For then
Of him, when
And wish to
Of him, when
Or where they
Hold fast
And hold fast
New York

Original

HENRY

The Countess

Written by

"Mamma!"
Five years of a
which she had
ly looking, an
"Mamma, wh
what makes hi
"Come! - m
come!"
"Oh! mamma
come home an
to take me on
with me, and t
"Well! my
where children
an anxious if
papa take you
come home! -
girl!"
"Yes, mamma
quoth, he walk
but now, he co
old man! - and
and eight, but
The mother
hing to her r
papa never se
good; that was
my love, - he
"What mak
troubles him?"
"His business
"Then why
don't he love
"My little gir
all have some
in, and clothes
"Will mamma
child, thoughtf
"It ought to
not ask why
take care not
but you must
amuse him, an
she said this,
and kissed her
think I hear pa
The little gir
arms and ran
waiting with
of her father.
And while sh
vantage of the
ere acquainted
their nation,
lady's name, w
ing woman - I
been called by
moment, for the
that striking be
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was one that m
without notice
that certain, in
as well known,
describ, and en
him, however,
sweet, modest
compensated fo
loneliness; and
none of such
not always the
Her form was
world, and her
The father of
tieman, the des
He had married
purity, but had
and fortune in
mined for home
had died a few
ving his widow
through the w
last night, up
been so simple
the only gentle
simply die
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that while the
her child were
the more impor
upon the expect
of God should
pressed upon he
was on the eve
early age of fo
this fond mother
to the mother
wouldly minded
fel Any never
At the age of
time, and her
He also was c
blended by the
parents, and he